

## **Apocalypse 246**

### Chapter 246 It's Time For Revenge

After hiring the necessary personnel, the engineers and architects began their preparations. They surveyed the plot behind the future Supply Center, discussed potential designs, and made a list of the materials needed for the construction.

The other workers began clearing out the office materials from the building, sending them to the 'House and Allocation Management Office' (HAMO). There, the materials were sorted to determine what would be kept and what would be discarded.

Seeing that there were indeed job openings and people of various ages and backgrounds were being hired and starting work, everyone at the base felt a renewed sense of hope and vitality. They prayed more than ever for Kisha and her team to recover from their fever so that Kisha could continue leading them toward a brighter future.

After eating, the people at the base eagerly headed to the Central Hall to explore job opportunities and see what positions they could apply for. To their surprise, there were many open positions, including roles for prosecutors, lawyers, and judges among the listed opportunities.

Despite the slim chances of survival of those people who have these roles, the Patriarch decided to try his luck and apply, hopeful for any assistance in the legal field.

Indeed, the base proved to be a treasure trove of experts who had managed to survive and seek refuge there. Gradually, the job listings from various departments were being filled, and those who were initially deemed useless and a drain on resources turned out to be invaluable.

Their skills and knowledge were crucial in transforming the base into an ideal sanctuary that would provide peace and safety for everyone.

While the Central Hall buzzed with excitement and happiness, another part of the shelter was steeped in gloom and anguish. In the underground dungeon, the air was thick with the stench of blood, and the walls echoed with the agonizing screams of men pleading desperately for forgiveness and mercy.

"Hmm? Now you understand the pain," Duke's voice, chillingly cold and devoid of emotion, echoed through the underground dungeon. Tristan stood behind him, presenting the next torture tool Duke intended to use on the wretched man chained to the wall, his body covered in a patchwork of deep, bloody wounds.

"Please, stop... Have mercy..." The man, barely able to speak through his labored breaths, managed to plead before he succumbed to his injuries and lost consciousness.

"You're so spineless, yet you still revel in hurting others?" Duke sneered with cold indifference. He motioned to a guard, who promptly dragged the unconscious man back to his cell and prepared a new prisoner. "Now that I'm done with my warm-up, let's move on to the main event, shall we?" Duke said, gesturing toward one of the cells.

With just a few subtle gestures, Duke's subordinate understood his intent. They roughly detached the unconscious man from the chains, pulling his arms out to either side. Without any concern for his well-being, they hauled him back to his cell and tossed him inside. His head struck the doorframe, and he collapsed heavily onto the floor, his survival uncertain and clearly of no concern to them.

After tossing the man into his cell, the guards moved to a nearby cell where another prisoner was frantically screaming for release. "Don't touch me! Let me go!" The man being dragged out was desperately trying to sound defiant, but his panicked voice betrayed his fear.

His trembling limbs betrayed his desperation. "I'll do anything you want! I'll give you everything I have— just let me go!!!"

"Let you go and what?" Duke began, his voice cold and menacing. He gestured for his subordinate to chain the man to the wall while he held a whip embedded with steel thorns. "To give you a chance to ambush us again?" Duke's devilish smile sent chills through the air. "Young Master Coltons, you brought this upon yourself."

You knew full well that I have no tolerance for those who harbor malice against me. Now you and your people must face the consequences."

"But that's the least of my concerns right now. Do you know what your greatest offense is?" Duke's aura darkened, and the temperature in the dungeon plummeted, making Alex feel as though he were submerged in icy water. It was as if a massive snake had coiled around him, immobilizing him with fear.

The sensation was paralyzing; any movement seemed to promise death, but remaining still felt equally perilous. Trapped in this agonizing choice, Alex's hatred surged as he stared at Duke, consumed by despair.

"Tsk, ts, tsk." Duke clicked his tongue, his index finger pointing at Alex as if to emphasize that continued staring would lead to his eyes being gouged out. "Your greatest offense," Duke said through clenched teeth, "is leering at my wife with your filthy eyes, touching her with your dirty hands, and daring to stand so close to her." He cursed under his breath, the anger barely contained.

"To think you had the audacity to lay your eyes on my wife is the height of offense!" Duke roared, his voice seething with possessive fury. The mere thought of Alex's gaze and touch on his wife ignited a blinding rage within him. He felt a primal urge to twist Alex's neck with his own hands, bypassing any sense of vengeance just to rid himself of this vermin.

Duke wasn't merely jealous; he was enraged by the offense done to Kisha. As her husband, he was furious that she had been subjected to such treatment under his watch. Consumed by this anger, he lashed out at Alex with the full force of his wrath. The whip, studded with steel thorns, cut deeply into Alex's flesh, making him squeal in agony.

The fresh blood dripped down, and the stinging pain from the whip left his flesh throbbing with each cruel lash.

He had heard of Duke's cold and cruel nature, but no one had ever truly experienced it. The reality was that it wasn't simply that no one had known his cruelty well enough to tell the tale—it was that no one had lived through it to recount their experience.

The whip was merely the appetizer. After ensuring Alex's body was covered in deep, painful welts, Duke handed the bloodied whip to Tristan. Tristan then passed him a new instrument designed to slowly twist and crush each finger, ensuring maximum agony with every turn. This tool was used to inflict the most excruciating pain, drawing out the suffering as much as possible.

As Duke personally applied the apparatus to Alex's hands, the man remained unconscious from the brutal whipping he had endured. Once Duke had secured the devices on both of Alex's hands, he signaled to Tristan to fetch some water. The intention was to wake up Alex so that the next round of torture could commence.

Duke wanted to ensure that the torment was thoroughly administered before heading home for dinner with his wife.

Soon after, the air was once again filled with terrifying screams from the torture chamber. The prisoners on the other side of the cells trembled in fear, especially after witnessing the battered state of the previous victim when he was thrown back into his cell. They could only wonder if the man would survive the night.

With the man who led them into this nightmare now screaming in agony, his cries gradually fading, the remaining prisoners felt a rising fear that they might be next. Their growing hatred was not directed at Duke or Kisha but at Alex, the one whose greed had led them all into this hellish predicament, causing their collective suffering.

They had believed that following Alex would ensure their survival and offer a semblance of a good life amid the apocalypse. Even if death was inevitable, they hoped to savor luxuries they had never known before. But had they known that their loyalty would lead them to endure such hellish torment simply for following the wrong man, they might have fled at the first sign of the Coltons.

Even the former Minister of Defense cowered in the corner, desperately trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible to avoid attracting Duke's attention and being subjected to the same brutal treatment as Alex. The so-called torture chamber had no walls separating the prisoners from the scene inside; the bars allowed a clear view of the horrors unfolding within.

Yet, despite the visibility, no one dared to look, paralyzed by the sheer terror of the ongoing torture.

Even before facing the torture themselves, their mental fortitude had already begun to crumble, replaced by fear and cowardice. They trembled as Duke's cold, indifferent voice echoed through the

dimly lit dungeon, a sound that seemed to embody the very essence of malevolence as if they were hearing the voice of Satan himself come to life.

"There's something I don't understand, Young Master Coltons," Duke said, his voice edged with a fierce intensity as his jaw clenched tightly. He could almost hear his teeth grinding, threatening to shatter from the force of his anger. "Why did you have to be so brutal with my men before you killed them?"